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W. Mullen.
O.C. R.A.F.
Personnel.

De Winton, Alberta,
Canada.

*The
PlaneSmart
Pro Tanto
Quid?*

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Vol. 1.

1st October, 1943.

No. 1.

Dear Readers,

After a lapse of many months public opinion has demanded that this Station should again publish a magazine. One or two of the personnel approached the Entertainment Committee and, as a result, the above staff was collected.

To start things rolling in the proper manner we held a meeting. Later, we held another. Before we finally decided that it was possible to publish a magazine we had held four meetings in all.

After having weighed the pros and cons, and all in favour having said 'Aye', we approached the higher-ups on the subject. However, the powers that be decided that, before they could give us their blessing, we would have to produce some figures that would prove that we would not be a liability to the Station.

In due course this was done and the way to fame lay open. All that remained to do was to collect, consolidate, print and publish the excellent material submitted by the many genii with which this Station is blessed.

Most of the sections answered the call splendidly, civilians and Service personnel joining forces for the good of the common cause. This is the spirit that will keep the magazine going long after 'Esquire' is but a memory.

However, the submission of material, however good, will not guarantee the survival of the paper. A circulation of at least three hundred is essential. So, ladies and gentlemen, the future of the paper is in your hands. We have a feeling that the enthusiasm of the personnel will not wane and we are looking forward to your co-operation and support to ensure a bright future.

Constructive criticism is always welcome.

Yours,

The Staff

The Planesmen

A MESSAGE FROM THE MANAGER

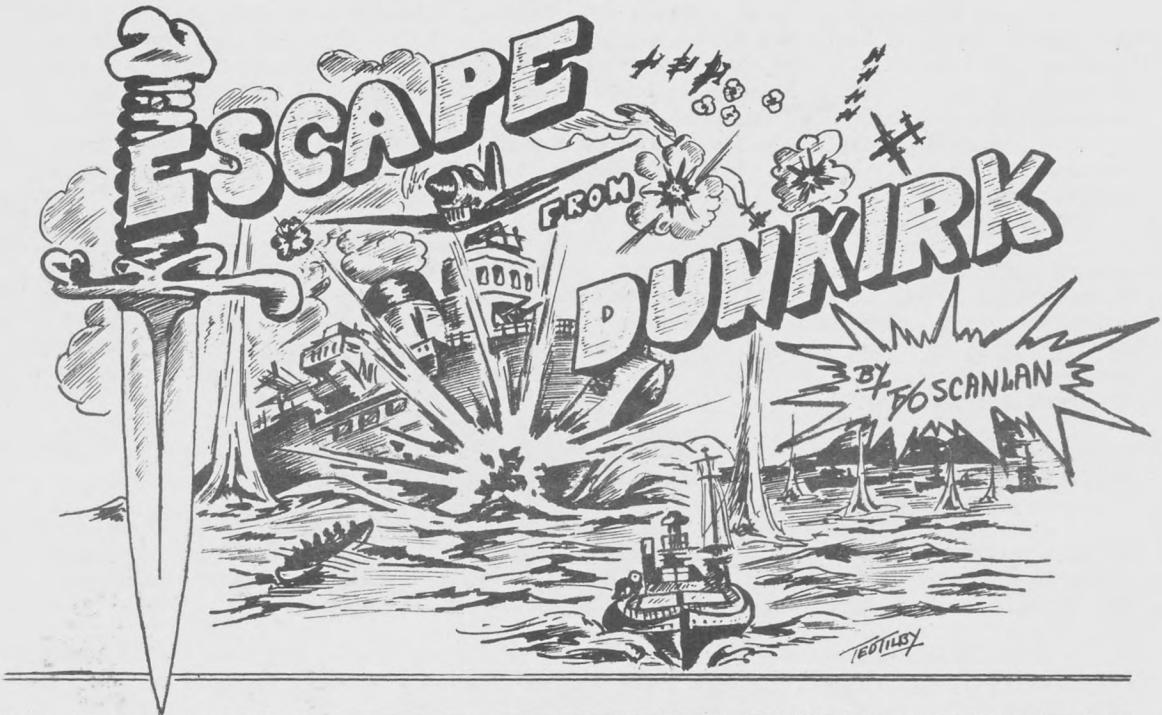
CONGRATULATIONS TO "THE PLANESMEN"

Producing a Station paper in the 'spare time' of its organizers is a noteworthy effort, involving sacrifice of personal pursuits and the burning of midnight oil. Criticism from all quarters and few bouquets will be the most these organizers may expect. With such an altruistic setup, "The Planesmen" is worthy of success, and it is up to every member of the Station to promote that success.

As we all know, No. 31 Elementary Flying Training School has established an enviable record for training efficiency, a record achieved, only, through the co-operation of Service and Civilian Personnel. It is my belief that a Station paper will further promote that harmonious spirit, so that we may continue to work together as a complete Unit, bearing in mind that our only purpose is the hastening of Victory.

As such, "The Planesmen" will receive my whole-hearted support, and it is with pleasure that I congratulate both the organizers and the contributors. May their efforts receive the success they deserve.

John Alexander



Our convoy moved slowly out of Larkhill in the still early hours of a cold September morn. A damp mist, so peculiar to England, shrouded the convoy in its enveloping folds as the long line of lorries and guns wended its solemn way past the famous School of Army Artillery on Salisbury Plains, and out into the quiet English countryside.

It had come: The Regiment was going overseas. Apart from the C.O. and the Battery Commanders, I do not think there was an officer, N.C.O. or gunner amongst us who really had any idea of our destination - in fact, for the past week, amidst all the planning and preparation usually associated with the departure overseas of a mechanized force, much speculation had been rife, as to our most probable destination. A few days later however, as the English coastline gradually receded from our view, a muster parade was held on the deck of our transport ship, and we were informed that we were bound for France. This news was received with great joy by us all - more especially by a few of our fraternity who were overjoyed at the prospect of huge quantities of wine at very little expense. But all of us were highly delighted at being singled out as one of the first Regiments of the British Expeditionary Force.

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Dawn was breaking as we steamed into Calais. All was peaceful, the only sound marring the silence being the screaming of the sea-gulls as they escorted our ship into dock. Little did we know then that our exit from France nine months later, was to be entirely different - a hurried exit amidst scenes of Death and Destruction the screams this time being not from the gulls, but from the torn bodies of our comrades lying bleeding and mangled on the shores of a vanquished nation - screams which were accentuated by the shrieking of the Stukas as they dived to unload their death dealing cargos upon us!

Our disembarkation was duly completed, after which we were escorted by a guard of French Infantry to a nearby warehouse, in which we stored our vehicles and equipment. A short talk by the C.O. ensued, after which we were dismissed for the day, with the exception of an unfortunate few who were "joe'd" for guard duties. The town proved to be highly interesting, and our language difficulties were to a great extent alleviated by the willing help of some Poilus who, apart from being enthusiastic hosts, were able to speak a little English.

After a short period at Calais, we moved up through Bethune to a small village Haisnes, where our time was occupied mainly with extensive manoeuvres.

It was now March, and the first week of that month's waiting saw us transferred to Haubourdin - a small town not many kilos from Lille. At night on Vimy Ridge, the scene of the glorious Canadian stand in World War I, a gradual feeling of restlessness was prevalent as we began to wonder if we were ever to see action.

One quiet afternoon a party of us were returning from a visit to the Canadian Memorial at Vimy: all was peaceful, and the warming rays of the sun shone brightly on the little French town in which we were billeted.

Then it broke! Without warning a large formation of about seventy Ju 88's appeared from the direction of Lille. For half an hour, amidst the din of screaming sirens and screeching women and children, they subjected the town to a merciless hail of bombs, after which they came down to roof top level and wantonly machine-gunned everything within sight.

It was hell while it lasted - an experience time will never obliterate.

Next month: - "We Go Into Action"

BACK THE ATTACK-----BUY WAR BONDS! ! !

If he parks his little flivver,
Down beside the moonlight river,
And you feel him all a-quiver,
Baby - He's a Wolf.

If by chance when you're a-kissing,
You can feel his heart a-missing,
And you can talk and he won't listen,
Baby - He's a Wolf.

If his arms are strong as sinew,
And he stirs the Gypsy in you,
And you want his cheek agin you,
Baby - YOU'RE A WOLF.



Guess who?

The Dingbats -



Back Row
L to R.

F/O. Robertson.
LAC. Masheder.
Sgt. Wrigley.
LAC. Canning.
Cpl. Hays.

Front Row
L to R.

F/O. Scanlan.
F/O. Jones.
LAC. Grant.
LAC. Newman.
LAC. Bailey.
LAC. Bartholemew.

Wednesday, 15th September, saw the last football game of the season as far as the De Winton Dingbats were concerned, when, after a hard and interesting game at Mewata Stadium, Calgary, they were defeated by the champions of the league, the 'Penhold Fliers'.

There have been many queries as to how the team was burdened with such a name as the Dingbats, and what a Dingbat really was. Unfortunately, we have never discovered what a Dingbat is, but the team was given the name in honour of a certain 'B-----' Flight Commander, whose favourite expression was that he was going to fly like a Dingbat. If this should be any guide to what a Dingbat is, then, I think, it must be some kind of a Kiwi.

Considering the numerous difficulties which had to be overcome, such as the arranging of transport to Bowden, Penhold, Red Deer, etc., and the number times that the team had to be re-organized, due to pupils being posted from the Station, the Dingbats quite a

The Planesmen

successful season. They played twenty games, of which eleven were won, eight lost, and one drawn, finishing fourth in the Alberta Services Football League. Win, lose or draw, the Dingbats have always shown a fine, clean, fighting spirit, which has resulted in the team making many supporters and friends in Calgary, and has always ensured splendid reports in the Press.

During the season there have been three Service International Games, Scotland Vs England, and the Dingbats were highly honoured in having three players selected to play for their respective countries, namely; Cpl. Hays (Course 82) - England; L.A.C. Bruce (Course 87) - Scotland and F/O. Robertson - Scotland. In addition to those playing, however, there were several others who would have done credit to any team, including F/O. Scanlan, our dashing outside right from 'Auld Oireland'; F/O. Baguley, who can always be depended on for a good, hard game; and L.A.C. Grant, the general utility man of the team, who can play in any position from goal to outside left. All the pupils of Course 87 who played in the last few games were first class players and if only we could have had their assistance all season, we would have finished much closer to the top of the league.

At the time of writing, it is proposed to have a 'Smoker' on Thursday, 23rd September, at the Renfrew Club, Calgary, to show our appreciation, to a small extent, to the players who have played so hard during the season, also to all personnel, civilians and Service alike, (particularly to Mr. Harry Hutchcroft) who have assisted and co-operated in our efforts to organize a good team, and to our local supporters who have attended all matches, whether good, bad or indifferent.

When next season comes around, it is to be hoped that the Dingbats will once again be to the fore with even more successful results and with the same spirit of good fellowship prevailing.

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THE LETTER RACK.

Looking in the letter rack -
Desolately bare.
Hoping against hope to see
A letter waiting there.

Feeling in the little slot,
Hoping there to find
That the long awaited note
May have dropped behind.

Looking through the other names,
Enviously scanned:
Is it just a little trick
Capricious fate has planned.

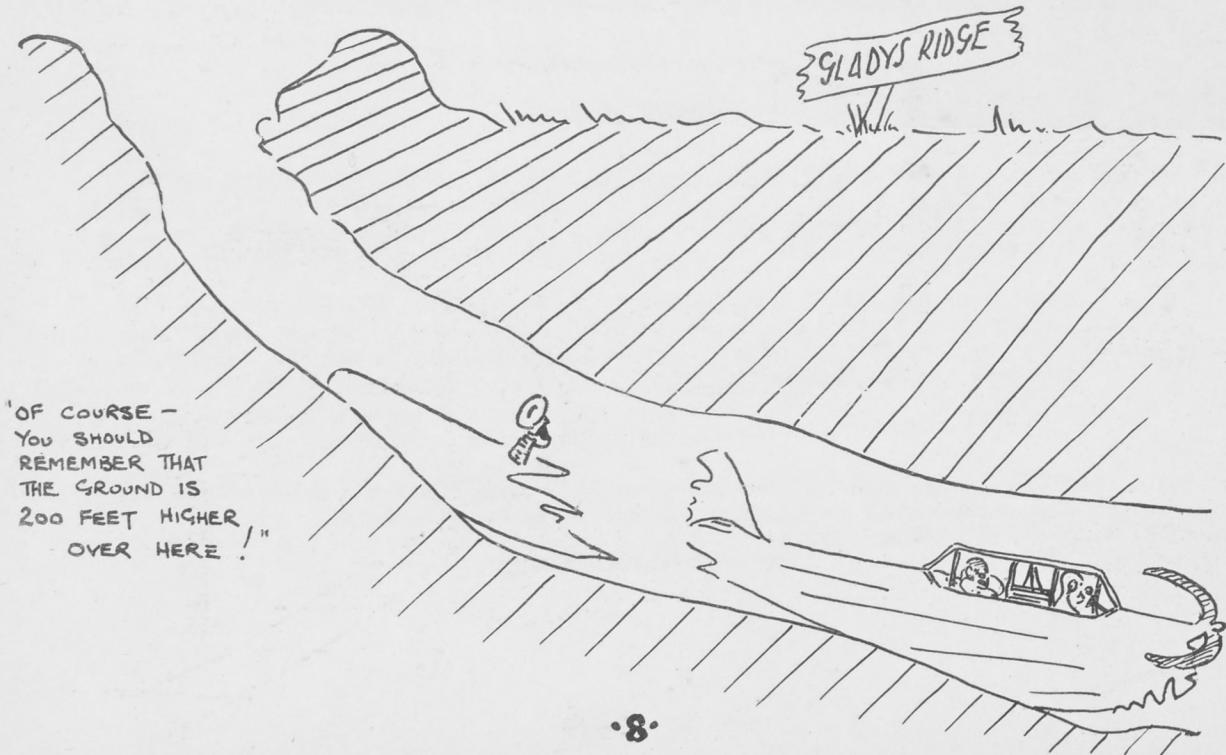
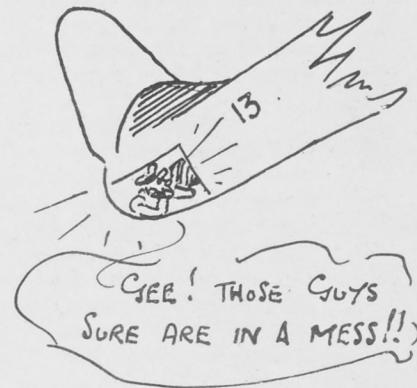
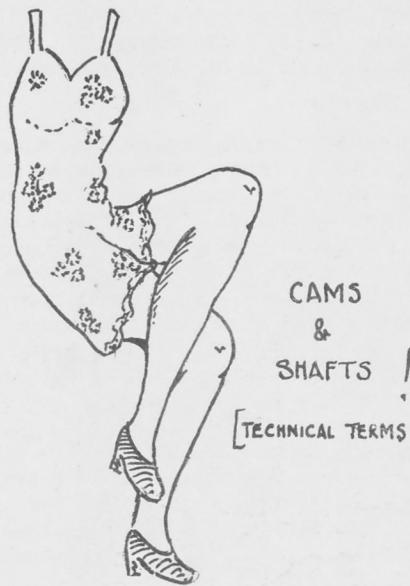
No - I turn away in sorrow.
Maybe there'll be one to-morrow,
HELL, I don't suppose that she
Ever even thinks of me.

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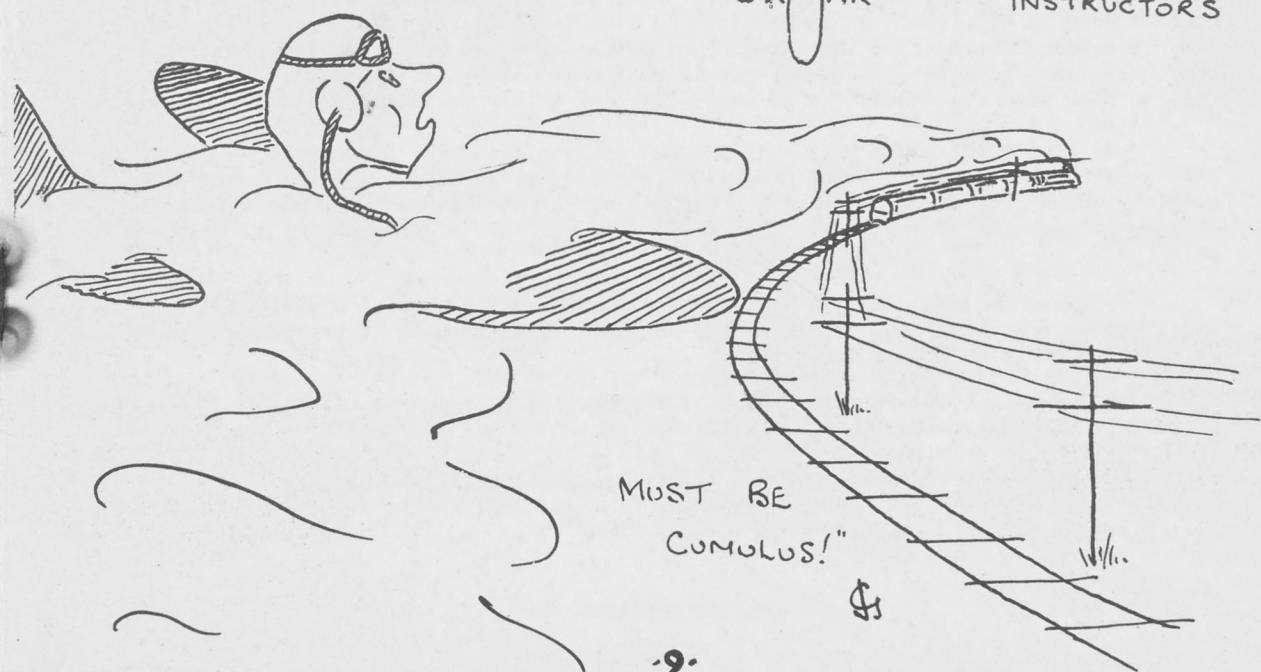
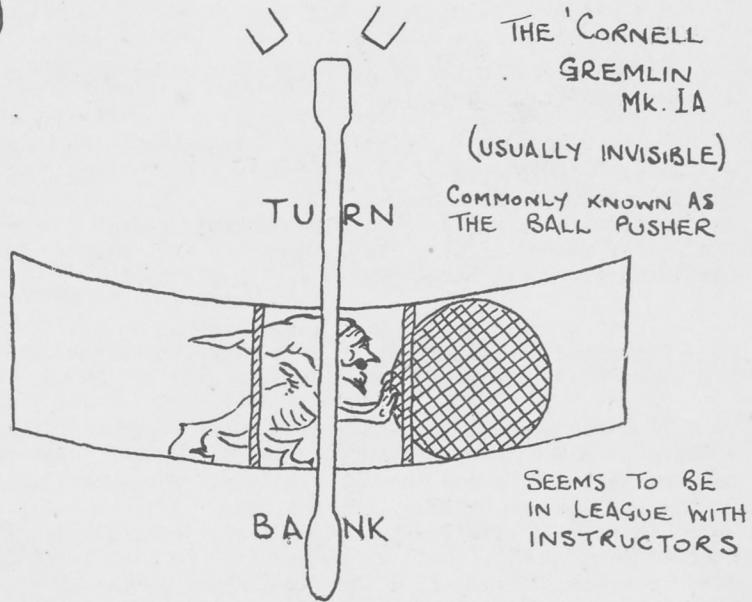
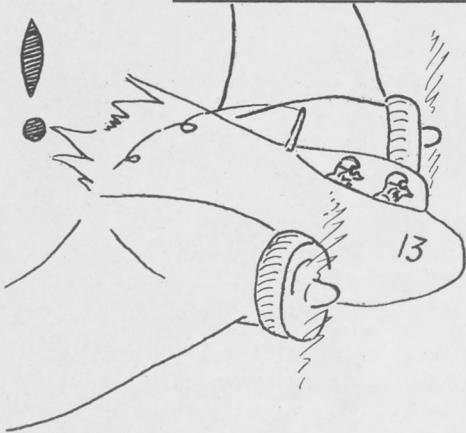
There are two types of Conscientious Objectors; those who object to killing and those who object to being killed.

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The Planesmen



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~ The Chair ~

Somewhere in the great building a clock struck eight. Its chimes echoed loudly along the tiled passages.

In a room at the top of the building sat a grim-faced young man to whom every stroke was mental agony. At each beat of the hammer against the gong his body tensed. His mind seethed with emotions very near to panic. Even the clock striking the hour had seemed like a native religious ceremony before a sacrifice. Desperate to find an outlet for his pent up feelings, he paced the room restlessly. Even the ticking of his watch was accentuated beyond all proportion.

Two minutes before nine a door opened to his left. He stepped through boldly, only his drawn face and haggard eyes betraying nights of sleepless torture. Inwardly his heart pounded against his ribs like a sledge hammer.

A few steps along a narrow passage brought him face to face with a heavy, panelled door which, for a moment, as he paused with a nervous hand on the handle, sent another spasm of nausea through his body. Then, bracing his shoulders, he turned the handle and stepped quickly into the room. After a quick survey of the room which appeared to bristle with instruments and switches, he stared towards the far corner. He stopped dead in his tracks as he saw it. At last he faced the chair. To his confused mind it seemed to symbolize the final agony of the waiting. Striving desperately to keep calm, and reflecting that many people must have undergone this experience; come face to face with the 'chair' as he was doing now; quiet, resolute, determined people.

An individual stood beside an ominous-looking switch. 'Sit down', he commanded. Biting hard on his lower lip and scarcely breathing, he subsided slowly. A bead of sweat trickled down his forehead. The muscles stood out like knots in his wrists as he gripped the arms of the chair. But these were the only signs that belied complete calm.

'I must be calm; I must be calm', he told himself. He was oblivious to his immediate surroundings now. 'It won't be so bad; It'll soon be over', ran his thoughts. He leaned back in an endeavour to relax.

A sharp jab ----- 'Soon now' ----- 'It won't be long' ----- 'Another few minutes' ----- 'Soon' ----- 'Soon' -----

Faintly came the voice again: 'O.K., young fellow: it's out'.

'Next patient, please'.

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What is Swing?

Hello there, gates and ickies, here's the first of what I hope to be a series of articles on Swing, the cause of many arguments. Well to begin with, what is Swing? This question is the cue for a heated argument even among the most ardent swing fans. Anyway I am going to risk the many roars of disagreement that no doubt will spring from all sides, and give my definition of swing. Here goes: We should say, what is jazz, because swing is only polished, or shall we say, modernized jazz. The best and only definite answer to that question, is spontaneous improvisation, (get that dictionary out boys). Some of our so called authorities on jazz try to convince us that true jazz finished around 1928, referred to as the end of the golden age of jazz. This is a matter of opinion, and frankly it is not mine. True, around this time the big names in jazz of that period were at their best. I'll agree there was more individualism then and the musicians as a body were more sincere. I'll also admit there are just as many good jazz men today as were playing in that golden age.

The word Swing has been horribly abused. Boy, it makes me mad when I hear these alleged band leaders, and announcers saying "and now we will play a swing number." One thing we must get straight: swing is not a tune played at a certain speed or volume, when you mention swing to the average person, he immediately thinks of something played fast and more so noisy. This is stupid. You judge swing by the feeling in it - the sincerity in it.

A band doesn't instinctively know if it has swung a number until it has finished it. For a band to really swing, every man must be in the mood, if one man is cheezed and not feeling in the mood, the band won't swing, although he plays his part perfectly. The way to get real swing or jazz, call it what you may, is to have a bunch of musicians (I mean boys who know what they are doing, not a gang at the local Palais), play something by ear on the spur of the moment, in other words a jam session.

As I have said, swing is a feeling that runs through a band, and so can't be written down in music. Anybody can, with enough practice, learn an instrument, that is get good tone and be able to read anything that is put in front of them, but you can't learn to swing. You can develop your improvising ability, but if you haven't got it in you, 24 hours practice a day won't give it to you. Another point that is overlooked, remember dance music and swing are not the same thing. Swing is dance music but dance music is not necessarily swing.

One last thing - a real swing musician's mood will greatly influence his playing, his mood will show in his playing. Have one of the top-liners play the blues, when in good spirits, then when he is in low spirits, and see the difference.

Well cheerio, until the next issue. If any of you disagree with any or all of this article, let's hear from you. I'll be glad to hear your views on this subject.

R. H.

~ Flight Gen ~

What happened to the u/t Pilot who was last seen coming out of a 'low dive' in the main street of Calgary.

We think that the female attendance at the Station Dances is carrying the 1 in 60 method too far.

Overhead in a Calgary liquor queue:-

I have no pain dear Mother, now.
But oh, I am so dry.
Post me to an English pub,
And leave me there to die.

She was only a Flight Commander's daughter but she knew how to 'check' cadets.

FOUND (near Officers' Mess) - 1 item of ladies' lingerie, badly scorched !!
Result of fire, or was she just too hot ?

We'd like to know if the hair-raising experience on last Friday's Parade had any connection with the new horse-hair chair in the C.O.'s office.

FLIGHT COMMANDERS N.B.

The command 'Stand at ease' is still included in the Drill Manual.

Did you hear about the u/t Pilot who, on finding the Flak over Bowden rather heavy, altered course and made Penhold his secondary target.

Having been warned by my instructor to beware of Flat Spins, I was surprised to see him in one when the C.F.S. arrived.

I thought my I.F. was bad until I acted as Safety Pilot for my instructor.



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HINTS ON INSTRUMENT FLYING.

1. Pull over hood while standing across wind, leaving a space of 2 to 3 inches for ventilation and as a means of checking instruments.
2. On take-off, while opening the throttle, maintain steady pendulum motion with needle and ball.
3. Allow A/S to build up to 95 m.p.h., then pull stick violently into stomach. This serves dual purpose of avoiding far river bank and awakening instructor.
4. To level out, remove hands from pockets and feet from dashboard.
5.
 - (a) Turns on to Compass Courses. Align Rockies with slit in hood - You are now heading due West.
 - (b) Spinning. On 'recover', close both eyes, clutching wildly at controls, and await the command ??? CLOT. On reception, remove hands and feet whereupon aircraft will resume straight and level flight.
 - (c) Recovery from Unusual Positions. When told, 'You've got her', open hood fully and ascertain true altitude. Close before instructor notices - recover immediately. (This will shake the instructor no end)
 - (d) Landing under the Hood. This should only be done during periods of bad visibility as pupil must then use instruments - Notes may be compared with instructor later if both sent to same hospital.

Link Pupils N.B.

These machines fly much better at altitudes above sea level.

BASE - BOWDEN - BASE.

Have you seen those kites marked 'N'?
Flown by intrepid men?
Furiously scribbling bags of gen
All the way from Base to Bowden?

Trying to keep a constant height;
Needle - ball - a bloody fight:
Trying to imitate a bird in flight,
And making sure your straps are tight.

Turning on a Compass Course,
With bags of centrifugal force;
Trying to keep a constant speed
Though you wonder why you need.

Looking out for pin-points, few,
You're only one hour overdue.
Will the fuel last out the trip?
Where can one force-land the ship?

Is that Bowden dead ahead?
'Is it Hell', a gremlin said.
Anyway, let's land and see
Gosh, it's Penhold, #?%\$& me!

^ Aunt Nellie's Corner ^

Dear Aunt Nellie,

I am twenty-one years of age with a good figure and considered good looking. In my associations with men I have found them all to be cads. My problem is this: Am I right in thinking this or have I just met the wrong ones.

Yours, Bewildered.

Dear Bewildered,

Men are what women marry. They have two feet, two hands, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one idea at a time.

Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all made of the same material; the only difference is that some are a little better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into two classes, husbands and bachelors. An eligible bachelor is a mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are three varieties - prizes, surprizes and consolation prizes.

Making a husband out of a man is one thing that is of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, Faith, Hope, and Charity - especially Charity.

It's a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, violet-scented thing like a woman should enjoy to kiss a big, awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco and bay rum scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, it frightens him to death; if you don't flatter him, it bores him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end; if you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you agree with him in everything, you soon cease to interest him; if you argue with him, you soon cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool; if you don't, he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colours, rouge and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out; if you wear a little brown beret and a tailored suit, he takes you out and spends the evening staring towards the woman who wears - gay colours, rouge and startling hats.

If you join him in the gaieties of life and approve of his smoking and drinking, he swears you are driving him to the devil; if you don't he swears you are snobbish and nice.

If you are the clinging vine type, he doubts whether you have any brains; if you are the modern and advanced type, he doubts whether you have any heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright person; if you are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate.

A man is just a worm - he comes along - wriggles about for a while - and finally some chicken gets him.

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A Pussy cat on a big wasp sat: this tale is told by a rooster.

The wasp, poor thing, has lost her sting; and the cat doesn't sit like she coster.

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THE PADRE'S PAGE

In common with the other Services, the Royal Air Force has produced its galaxy of poets. Some day, I hope an enterprising editor will produce an anthology. It would be a task well worth while. When such a collection is compiled I hope that Jimmy Howcroft will be remembered.

Jimmy, a pilot of the old R.F.C. days, crashed during the last war and broke his spine. Years afterwards he lay helpless on his bed at Little Forest Cottage, Liphook, in Hampshire. Able only to move his head and hands, he yet displayed to all his visitors a wonderful serenity and courage. Before his death he composed some verses (now published in several hymnals) which breathe his own dauntless spirit. Here is one of them:-

Though hopeless seems the race to be
Yet breast it bravely. Thou shalt see,
Like mist before the sun,
Thy troubles die and fade away;
And joy be at the closing day
If thou hast nobly run.

Jimmy drew his strength and serenity from a strong religious faith.

Writes H.G. Black in *The Upper Room*: 'In these days when giant forces of evil have been let loose upon the world, it becomes necessary to have sure ground upon which to stand. Mightier than tanks and guns, more powerful than battleships and aeroplanes are the invisible forces of the Spirit. These will be influencing men's minds and hearts long after the cruel hands of bloody tyrants have crumbled into dust and their brutalities have been forgotten.'

Another airman poet in my anthology would be a young citizen of the United States who died a year ago while serving in the Royal Air Force. He could have been a sophomore in Yale University. After his death the following lines written by him were found in his quarters:-

Up, up the long delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace.
Where never lark, or even eagle flew;
And while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

Your friend and Padre,

R.H. VERNON VIVIAN.

What's on at the Cinema?

Sunday, Oct. 3rd.

'*Amazing Miss Malida!*'

with
Deanna Durbin

Franchot Tone

Tuesday, Oct. 5th.

'*Ladies Day*'

with
Eddie Albert - Lupe Velez

Monday, Oct. 4th.

'*American Empire*'

with

Richard Dix - Preston Foster

Thursday Oct. 7th

'*Aerial Gunner*'

with Chester Morris - Richard Arlen - Jimmy Lydon

Sunday Oct. 10th

'*Crash Dive*'

with
Lynne Power

Anne Baxter

Patsy Andrews

Monday Oct 11th

Watch for
Big Announcement?

Tuesday, Oct. 12th

BIG DOUBLE BILL!

'*Sherlock Holmes in Washington*'

with Basil Rathbone & Nigel Bruce

AND

'*It Comes up Love!*'

with that hilarious Gentleman
Donald O'Connor

Prices of Admission as usual:

Civilians 20¢ Airmen 15¢ Officers & Officials 25¢

